

The Mirror

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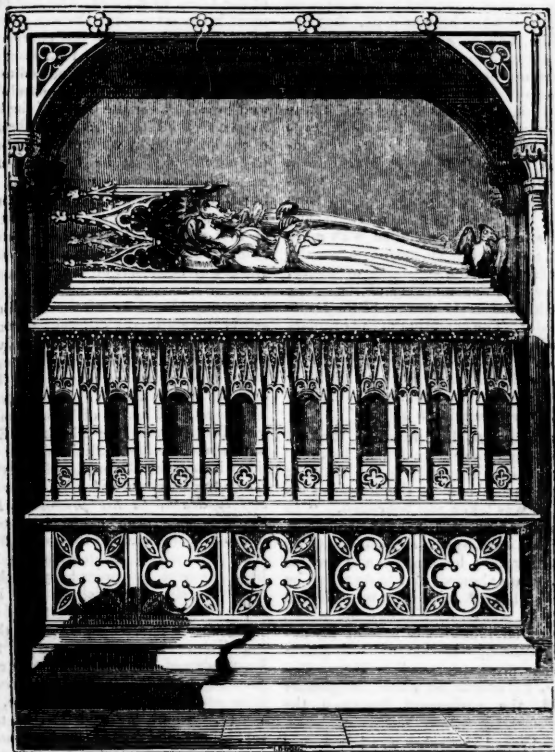
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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[PRICE 2d.]

Tombs of the Sovereigns of England.



TOMB OF RICHARD II., AND ANNE OF BOHEMIA, HIS QUEEN.

This sumptuous monument stands on the south side of St. Edward's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey; and may altogether be regarded as one of the most interesting memorials in that venerable depository of the illustrious dead.

King Richard the Second, (Richard of Bordeaux,) was the second son of Edward the Black Prince, by Joan of Kent, commonly called Joan the Fair, Countess of Holland; and was born in the year 1366, at Bordeaux, in France. He was raised to the throne in the eleventh year of his

age, amidst the acclamations of the multitude readily bestowed on the beauty and innocence of the boy, the martial and popular glories of his father, and the jealousy stirred up by the overshadowing power of John of Gaunt, now the undisputed chief of the house of Plantagenet. King Richard has been described as a prince of surpassing beauty; but his character was both weak and treacherous. The murder of his uncle, Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, was one of the most atrocious acts of Richard's life; and, it is not undeserving

of remark, that it became a principal cause of his own ruin. We find it thus described in Froissart's *Chronicles*:—"As I was informed, when he, (the duke,) had dined, and was about to have washen his hands, there came into the chamber four men, and east suddenly a towell about the duke's neck, and drew so sore that he fell to the earth, and so they strangled him, and closed his eyes; and when he was dead, they despoiled him, and bare him to his bed, and laid him between the sheets naked, and then they issued out of the chamber into the hall, and said openly how a palsy had taken the Duke of Gloucester, and so he died. These words were abroad in Calais: some believed them—some not."—"There are few instances in history," observes Mackintosh, "of a deadly hatred hoarded for eleven years by a gay and convivial youth, hidden from the victim under the disguise of smiles and caresses, and at length modified with more falsehood, more treachery, more inhumanity, a grosser breach of the substance of justice, and a more offensive mockery of its forms, than is exhibited in the murder of the Duke of Gloucester. The condition of the ordinary justice of an age may be easily imagined, when such a disappearance of a prince of the blood, and such an insolent withholding of farther information, could be endured by an assembly representing a nation."

Subsequently to this murder, Richard "began to reign more fiercely than before." Because a knight belonging to the Duke of Gloucester spake against the king and his council, he was taken and beheaded. "In those days, there was none so great in England that durst speak against any thing that the king did; he had counsel for his appetite, who exhorted him to do what he list: he still kept in his wages 10,000 archers, who waited on him day and night, for he reputed himself not sure of his uncle." (*Froissart*.) Within a twelvemonth after, Richard was deposed by Henry Bolingbroke, his cousin, on whom, September 30, 1399, the parliament bestowed the crown.

The dethroned sovereign was imprisoned in Pontefract Castle, Yorkshire, where, on St. Valentine's Day, 1399—1400, he breathed his last. His death was not a natural one; but, of its circumstances, there have been three narratives. One represents the king as being murdered in Pomfret Castle, by Sir Piers of Exton, who struck out his brains with a pole-axe; Sir Piers taking with him eight assailants, four of whom Richard is said to have killed with a bill in the contest. The part of the castle wherein this assassination is said to have been perpetrated is called the Bloody Tower; and the ruins of its walls, ten feet in thickness, are shown to the present day. Such is the account

inserted in our popular histories; but, within these few years, the learned Mr. Tytler, in his *History of Scotland*, has asserted a very different one, and maintains—"that Richard contrived to effect his escape from Pomfret Castle; that he travelled in disguise to the Scottish Isles; and that he was there discovered in the kitchen of Donald, the Lord of the Isles, by a jester, who had been bred up at his court;—that Donald, Lord of the Isles, sent him, under the charge of Lord Montgomery, to Robert III., king of Scotland, by whom he was supported as became his rank, so long as that monarch lived;—that he was, after the death of the king, delivered to the Duke of Albany, the governor of the kingdom, by whom he was honourably treated; and that he finally died in the castle of Stirling, in the year 1419, and was buried on the north side of the altar, in the church of the preaching friars, in the town of that name." This romantic story was readily adopted by Sir Walter Scott, in his *History of Scotland*, although it is now considered to be altogether incorrect. All contemporary historians of the death of Richard II. give a totally different account from either of the preceding, as clearly proved by the late Lord Dover, in a paper read about seven years since before the Royal Society of Literature. Of the contemporary historians, "Thomas of Walsingham, Thomas Otterbourne, the Monk of Evesham, who wrote the life of Richard, and the continuation of the Chronicle of Croyland, all relate that Richard voluntarily starved himself to death, in his prison at Pomfret. To these must also be added the testimony of Gower, the poet, to the same effect, who was not only a contemporary, but had been himself patronized by Richard."—Stow asserts that Richard was kept for fifteen days in hunger, thirst, and cold, till he died. Whatever be the fact, the reigning King, Henry, was anxious that the knowledge of his death should be generally promulgated, and for that purpose, "he lette sere him in a linnen clothe, save his visage," which "was left opyn, that men myght see and knowe his persone," and had him brought to London, where he was exposed to public view for three days in St. Paul's Cathedral. He was, at first, buried in the Church of the Fryars' Preachers at Langley, in Hertfordshire; but Henry V., soon after his own coronation, had his remains brought to Westminster, and interred near those of his beloved Queen Anne, who died, without issue, on June 7, 1394, having been a wife twelve years: she was daughter of the Emperor Charles the Fourth, and sister of the Emperor Wenceslaus.

The monument at Westminster was erected by command of King Richard himself, and in his own lifetime. It is men-

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tioned in the king's will, and there are two indentures concerning it in Rymer's *Fœdera*. By the first Indenture, it appears that Queen Anne was interred immediately beneath the tomb, which was to be constructed after a model, bearing the seal of the Treasurer of England, to be completed in two years from Michaelmas, 1395, at the cost of 250*l.* besides a gratuity of 20*l.* if well and properly made. In the second Indenture, it is covenanted that Nicholas Broker and Godfrey Prest, Citizens and Copper-smiths of London, shall make or cause to be made, two Images of copper and brass, gilt and crowned, with their right hands joined and clasped together, and holding sceptres in their left, with a ball and cross; the one to resemble the King, and the other the Queen; that the said figures shall be placed on a metal table, gilt, and ornamented with a fret-work of fleurons, lions, eagles, and leopards; that there shall be a tabernacle with canopies ('hovels, or gabletz'), of gilt metal and double jambs, with two lions at the feet of the King, and an eagle and a leopard at the Queen's feet; that there shall be twelve images of saints, of metal gilt, at the side of the tomb, and eight angels round it, with such inscriptions, and such escutcheons of arms, engraven and enamelled, as the King or his Treasurer should assign; and that all the said work shall be executed from an attested model, within two years from Michaelmas, 1395, at the charge of 400*l.*; one hundred of which was to be paid down, and the remainder in four instalments.*

We find this elaborately finished tomb thus detailed in Brayley's *Londoniana*:—This monument consists of a large and broad tomb, or pedestal, of grey Petworth marble, upon which, on a metal table, lie the full-length figures of Richard and his Queen. On each side the tomb are eight canopied niches on a quatrefoil basement, separated from each other by small buttresses, and triple tiers of double arches, panelled; each end is divided into eight compartments by similar panneling. The original elegance of the sculptured work has been long destroyed; partly from wanton devastation, and partly from all the finest parts having crumbled away. Mr. Gough states, that the quatrefoils below the niche were once covered with "shields enamelled on copper;" but not a single shield now remains.

The recumbent statues of Richard and Anne, together with the canopies, or rather pediments, of the tabernacle-work which formerly surmounted them, and the table covering the tomb, are all of a mixed metal, apparently brass and copper. Stow, speak-

ing of these figures, says, "the moulds were made, and the images cast," by B. [Broker] and Godfrey, of Wood-street, goldsmiths; and that "the charges of gilding them exceeded four hundred marks." Scarcely any of the gilding, however, is at present visible, except on one part of Richard's mantle, which has been rubbed bright; all the other parts being thickly coated with indurated rust. The King is habited like an ecclesiastic, or religious person: his mantle has a falling cape, and his bushy hair is turned back at the sides in curls, leaving the ears exposed: he has whiskers, and a beard about two inches in length, curiously disposed into two pointed ends. His countenance, as remarked by Gough, "is rather that of a heavy debauchee, than of a jolly handsome young man." It appears from Sandford, that the King originally held the Queen's right hand in his own, as was ordered in the indenture for making the tomb: but the arms of both figures have been stolen, as well as the two lions that were at Richard's feet, and the eagle and leopard at those of the Queen. This position of the hands was indicative of the great affection which Richard bore to his consort, and which, in the extravagances of his grief at her loss, occasioned him to curse the place of her death (Sheen, in Surrey, now Richmond), and to command that the buildings of the palace where she died should be demolished. The Queen is arrayed in a cloak, boddice, and petticoat; the former has been fastened on each shoulder by a brooch, or pin, but that on the left only remains: the boddice is closely buttoned by twelve buttons: the petticoat was fastened by two rose jewels, now lost, and bound by a slender girdle, having a rich buckle in front. The hair is dishevelled and falls back. She has a full, pleasing, countenance, with a double chin, the petticoat descends so low, that only the sharp points of her shoes are visible. The Queen lies upon a thin pallet, or mattress; but the cushions which were under the heads of both figures have been taken away. Sandford and Dart describe the King's mantle as being wrought with open peas-cods, or shells, the peas out; and though Mr. Gough has remarked, "one would wonder what suggested this idea;" yet the peas-cods are yet faintly discernible where the gilding has been rubbed bright. Above each figure is a five-faced pyramidal canopy or pediment, having a rose in the centre of the groining, and crockets, &c., at the angles: these, in the indenture before referred to, are called "hovels," or "gabletz;" and they are described as connected with "double jambs" on each side, which were once ornamented with the figures of twelve saints, but not any of the latter are now remaining.

* See the Indenture in the *Fœdera*, which is in old French.

The south side of the sub-basement of this tomb is ornamented with six large quatrefoils, radiated; on which, affixed at the centres, were formerly shields of arms, but all of them have been long stolen. Through the holes left by this removal (and which were, at length, stopped up by order of Dean Thomas), some coffin boards, and various human bones were to be seen: the latter were commonly supposed to be the remains of Richard and his Queen; and Mr. Gough has stated in his *Sepulchral Monuments* that "he examined both the skulls pretty closely, but could find on the King's no mark of St. Piers' pole-axe." This examination, however, does not decide the historical question to which it was intended to apply; for it may not unreasonably be presumed that the bodies of the deceased Sovereigns were deposited within the tomb itself, like those of Edward the Confessor and Edward I., and not in the ground beneath it.

On the under part of the wooden canopy that extends over Richard's tomb, are remains of different paintings in oil, in four compartments. Though greatly injured by the air and damp, the subjects may yet be distinguished, and they display traces of elegance and masterly execution. They are painted on an absorbent ground, which has been richly gilt, though now changed to a dingy yellow, and in some places almost black: it has also been thickly embossed with quatrefoils, and other minute ornaments in plastic. In each of the end compartments were depicted two angels, supporting a shield, crowned, emblazoned with the arms of Anne of Bohemia, viz. quarterly, an eagle displayed, with two heads, sable (the Imperial Arms), and gules, a lion rampant, queuee forchée, argent, crowned or (the Arms of Bohemia) impaling those of her husband, Richard II. The second compartment from the west was enriched with a representation of the Almighty in an aureolus, or glory, seated on a throne, and portrayed as a venerable old man, the "Ancient of Days," in a close garment, with his hand raised as in the act of benediction. In the remaining compartment was another sitting figure, probably intended for Jesus Christ, with the Virgin Mother before him, in a devotional attitude, with her hands crossed over her breast; the right hand of Jesus is extended as if blessing her; this compartment has suffered least from the ravages of time. The diapering of the ground of this canopy bears a considerable resemblance to that of the curious picture of Richard II. in the Jerusalem Chamber.

On the verge or ledge of the metal table is a jingling inscription, in Latin rhymes, in commemoration of the deceased Sove-

reigns; it begins on the north side, and within the first letter, is a feather with a scroll, which was a badge of Edward III.

DEATH OF EDWARD II.

TOWARDS the close of last year, Mr. Hunter communicated to the Society of Antiquaries, some historical remarks on the measures taken for the apprehension of Sir Thomas de Gournay, charged as one of the murderers of King Edward II., and of his death. It appears that he had escaped to the Continent; and, of the old chroniclers, some alleged that he was taken at Marseilles, others, at Burgos, in Spain; that his journey to England, in custody, was commenced; and that, by the orders of some influential parties in England, he was beheaded on board ship, on the voyage, from a fear that he would implicate others if brought to trial here. But, Mr. Hunter had found in Rymer's *Fœdera*, several documents relating to Gournay, consisting of letters, accounts of charges for travelling and other expenses, &c.; from which it is quite evident that he was taken at Burgos, and that Edward III. immediately despatched a commissioner to demand him from the Spanish authorities, and bring him to England for trial. The commissioner went to the Spanish court, and followed it from place to place for some months, during which time he was put off by excuses and delays, which show a reluctance in the government of Spain to give up the prisoner. Having at last, however, obtained an order for his delivery, he proceeded to Burgos, where he discovered that Gournay had found means to escape. The commissioner then proceeded in various directions, endeavouring to discover the place of the fugitive's retreat; and, at length, returned to England, after an absence of more than twelve months, without having attained the object of his mission. Subsequently, however, Sir Thomas de Gournay was made prisoner at Naples, on some local charge; on hearing of which Edward III. immediately despatched another messenger, with a letter to the king of Sicily, demanding the custody of the prisoner for trial in England. The request was complied with; and Gournay set off, in custody, on his journey hither. He is then traced to several places on the route, until his arrival at Bayonne, where he fell ill; and so far from a desire to dispose of him before his arrival in England, it appears that every care was taken of him, as he was attended by two physicians, the expense of which was charged to the English government. He, however, died, and was buried at Bayonne; and, notwithstanding the long existence of the *Fœdera*, this historical blunder has never been rectified until now. As an appendix to this paper, Mr. Hunter added an account of the expenses of the removal of

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the deceased king from Berkeley Castle to Gloucester.—*Literary Gazette.*

of Mr. John Hagan, merchant, of New Orleans. W. G. C.

THE EXCHANGE HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS.

THE following description of the Exchange Hotel, St. Charles Street, New Orleans, which was erected a short time since, by a company of merchants, chartered with banking privileges, and a capital of 2,500,000 dollars, is extracted from a recent writer on American architecture. The ground and building cost about 150,000*l.*, and the furniture about 30,000*l.* It is two hundred and twenty-eight feet in length, and one hundred and ninety-six in depth. The front view is elevated on a plain basement, fourteen feet high, in the centre of which is a portico, containing six columns projecting from the main building, with four on either side, receding inward, in the Corinthian order, and forming an elegant colonnade along two-thirds of the front; the other third being solid, and ornamented with pilasters of the same architecture. The building is six stories high; and measures, from the basement to the top of the cornice, seventy-one feet. In the centre of the hotel is an octagon, seventy feet in diameter, which rises fifty-three feet above the roof, and is surmounted by a dome twenty-three feet high, and forty-six in diameter: above this dome is a tower, or observatory, thirty-five feet high; the whole height being one hundred and thirteen feet from the ground. The basement story contains fourteen shops, besides a large bathing establishment, comprising fourteen compartments, elegantly furnished and decorated. The other part of the hotel contains three hundred and fifty rooms, fourteen of which are parlours, with bedrooms attached, adapted for private families. The gentlemen's dining-room is one hundred and thirty feet by fifty, and twenty-two feet high, having two rows of Corinthian columns running longitudinally on either side, with three splendid lustres dependent from the centre of the roof. This room can accommodate three hundred and fifty guests. The ladies' dining-room is sixty feet by thirty, at one angle of the hotel; opposite to which, on the same side, is the ladies' drawing-room, of the same size, and splendidly furnished. The basement part of the octagon is devoted to a restaurant and bar-room, for the refreshment of the citizens; over this is a grand saloon, with periodicals and various accommodations for the boarders. The saloon is entered by two flights of stone steps on either side, ascending to the colonnade; in the centre of which is erected a beautiful marble statue of General Washington, twelve feet high, exclusive of the pedestal, the gift

The Nobelist.

THE THREE SISTERS.

Translated from the Phœnician, by E. L. Bulwer.

IN an age which two or three thousand years ago was considered somewhat of the earliest, but which geologists have proved to have been but as yesterday, Iao-pater reigned over those districts known to historians by the name of Phœnicia. An honest, arbitrary, good sort of king he was; not altogether unlike our Henry the Eighth—only he was not quite so much master of his own house. Her majesty led him a troublesome life—into the particulars of which we need not enter, seeing that people in this virtuous age have a disinclination to scandal, and that the Greeks have made some of the best stories sufficiently familiar in that budget of gossip which they call a Mythology. *Revenons à nos moutons.*

Iao-pater had a very large family—sons and daughters without number. Among them, by a left-handed marriage, were three young ladies, called, in the language of that day, Aza, Merthyne, and Insula. Respecting these princesses, we find a tale recorded in one of the manuscripts consulted by Sanchoniathon, in his work on the Serpent, which has not hitherto been published.

In the latter days of Iao-pater, his subjects were visited by a most terrible species of madness. Each man fancied he saw a horrible dragon upon the back of his neighbour, and was instantly seized with a furious desire to attack the monster. Thus, the moment your back was turned, half-a-dozen of your countrymen made a rush at you, one with a sword, to hew, another with a saw, to saw; a third with red-hot pincers, to pluck off, the creature of their imagination: if no other weapon was at hand, they fastened on you with their nails and teeth. What made this malady more singular, while their victim perished under their mutilations, they kept congratulating him on his approaching delivery from the dragon. The more he belaboured for mercy, the worse he fared: when once attacked in this manner, his fate was sealed, and, as he gave up the ghost, his tormenters, instead of suspecting they had done anything wrong, shrugged their shoulders, and cried—"This comes of the dragon!"

So dreadful were the ravages and slaughter resulting from this insanity, that his majesty's dominions were nearly depopulated. Iao-pater, in a great fright lest his own back should be caught sight of, shut himself up in his palace; and all prudent persons, following the royal example, kept themselves in-doors, with their backs screwed tight

against the wall. The soothsayers killed nine millions and forty-two birds, and four hundred thousand sows, but the entrails of the victims were obstinately silent on the occasion, nor could any remedy for the growing evil be suggested by councillor or priest.

At length, one night, Aza dreamed a dream. She thought that the great deity, No-No, appeared to her, and said—"Arise, go forth into the city, and the people shall be delivered from the curse." And Aza, the next morning, sought Iao-pater, who had crept into a hole of the wall, so that nothing but his face was discernible. Aza told her dream, and implored permission to obey the divine command.

"Do as you like, my dear child," said the king; "but don't come so close to me: and mind, wherever you go, that you proclaim it to be high treason to attempt to peep at my back. As for other people's backs—it is not my affair."

When Aza went forth from the palace, she repaired to the royal gardens, and amused herself with catching the most beautiful butterflies she could find. Having put them into a little net of silver meshes, inconceivably fine, she took her way into the great street. Scarcely had she gone three paces, when she heard a tremendous uproar and hallooing; and presently a young man, more beautiful than words can describe, came bounding up the street, pale, breathless, and frightened out of his wits, and fell exhausted at the feet of the princess.

"Save me! save me!" he cried out. "I am an unhappy stranger in this city, and a whole mob are at my heels, swearing I have a dragon on my back. As long as I spoke to them face to face they overwhelmed me with civilities. But the moment I turned!—Ah, here they are!" And, in fact, a score or two of fierce-looking citizens, some with hatchets, some with pincers, some with long hooks—(all for the dragon)—now thronged, hot and panting, to the spot.

At the sight of Aza they halted abruptly—for there was something in her face so serene and lovely, that even those wretched maniacs felt the soothing influence of her beauty.

"My friends," said Aza, in a voice of sweet command, "what would you with this young man?"

"The dragon! the dragon!" shouted a dozen voices, already hoarse with screaming—"He has a dragon on his back; we would not harm him for the world!—a most charming young man!—but the dragon, your royal highness—the dragon!"

"I have taken it off the stranger's back," said the princess, mildly. See, here it is. Behold the terrible monster that so appals you!" So saying, she opened her hand, and away flew one of the most beautiful purple and gold butterflies that ever was seen.

As the insect fluttered and circled to and fro, the crowd stared at it with open mouths.

"Bless me," cried one of them, "and that's what we took for the dragon—so it is!"

"Hollo! you sir!" cried another, lifting up his hatchet against a last speaker, who had unwittingly turned round and exposed his own back—"The dragon is on *you*!"

"Hold!" exclaimed Aza, arresting the madman's arm. "The god No-No has changed all your dragons into butterflies." With that she turned aside, and, unperceived by the crowd, emptied the silver net. The air was filled with butterflies. The crowd stared again; first at the insects, then at the princess, then at one another. Fortunately, at that time the god No-No thought it a good opportunity to thunder: the omen completed the cure—and the mob woke all at once from their delusion.

Twenty men in their senses are sometimes enough to convert a multitude of maniacs; and those who were now convinced that dragons were butterflies, went about proclaiming the miraculous fact, till at last they persuaded or frightened the rest of the citizens into that belief. But scarce was this epidemic over, than a new disease seized this ill-fated people. They took it into their heads that Iao-pater, in order to punish them for their recent inhumanity, had covered the streets with invisible man-traps; and the moment this crotchet seized them, not a mother's son would budge a foot! There—where the idea first entered a man—there he stood, as still as a stone. He would not even stir for food. Thousands were starved to death. Business was suspended. The whole city seemed attacked with the rot.

Poor Aza found all her exhortations and artifices useless; and was returning sorrowfully to the palace with the young stranger, who was lost in astonishment at the singular set into which he had fallen, when she met her youngest sister, Merthyne, who was then a child.

"You are surprised to see me here," said the latter; "but the god No-No has just appeared to me. 'Merthyne,' said the god, 'arise, go into the city, and the people shall be delivered from the curse!'"

"I am surprised," said Aza, who, with all her amiable qualities, could not help being a little jealous that her sister was favoured equally with herself; "I am surprised that the god No-No should appear to such a child as you are. But no matter; only some people don't always tell the truth."

This last aphorism contained a very just sarcasm; for Merthyne was by no means scrupulously veracious. But then she told fibs with so much grace and so little malice, and was altogether such a charming, smiling, pretty, little creature, that she was the darling

of the whole family. She made no reply to Ana's taunt; but, shaking her golden locks archly, went singing through the streets.

She soon came to a grave old judge, who was standing spell-bound on one leg, not daring to put down the other, though he was ready to drop with fatigue.

"Bless your gray hairs," cried Merthyne gaily; "why, how young you look! I need not wish you long life—you'll live these fifty years!"

"You are very good, child," said the judge, gruffly; "but how I am to live long with a great man-trap ready to catch me by the leg, is more than——"

"Man-trap! stuff!" interrupted Merthyne; "come, I want you to play at hide-and-seek with me!"

So saying, the little princess picked up a straw that lay on the ground, and began tickling the judge's foot, as it hung rampant in the hair, till at last he was forced between snoring and laughing, to put it down. No sooner had he done this, than little Merthyne drew a rattle from her bosom, and began skipping before him, and sounding the rattle so merrily in his ears, that the old judge, could not, for the life of him, withstand it.

"You provoking little creature," he cried, "I must and will have a kiss from those laughing lips."

"Catch me if you can," cried Merthyne, skipping and rattling with all her might.

The judge made a start. Away ran Merthyne, and the judge hobbled after her as fast as he could. He could not go fast, indeed; for, besides that he was gouty, he had the pleasure to find, that, in lifting his feet from the ground, he took away the great baked pieces of clay on which he had been standing, and which, in that city, answered the purpose of paving stones. And there was this beautiful little fairy dancing, meteor-like, before him; and there was the gouty old judge dancing after her, with two huge pieces of pavement sticking to his feet! Away they went through the market-place; and so seductive was Merthyne's rattle, and so contagious was the judge's unworldly friskiness, that everybody they passed forgot the man-traps, and scampered after them; each, like the judge, taking up the piece of clay on which he stood. The noise of this extraordinary crowd, all dancing, and laughing, and clattering through the streets, was so great, that those who were in their houses ran to the windows; but no sooner did they see the procession, and catch a glance at Merthyne's glad eyes, than they ran out, carrying the floor with them at the soles of their shoes.

In this manner Merthyne had gone through the whole city, and was now leading the dance round the palace, when old Iao-pater

himself popped his head out of his door, and saw the new mania that had seized upon his subjects.

"Did ever king rule over such a strange people!" cried he; "what is to be done now? Where are the priests and soothsayers?"

"Dancing away, your majesty, as mad as the rest of them," said the grave Insla, a young woman of a very serious cast of character.

"More shame for them," said the king. "Yet I must own I feel the fidgets myself. What a dear little creature that Merthyne is! Zounds! my feet itch to have a dance! Tum—tum—tira—tira—tum!"

"My dear father," said Insla, "this morning I dreamed a dream. The god No-No appeared to me, and said, 'Insla, it shall come to pass that thou shalt see men dancing with the clouds at their feet. When thou lookest at them, go forth, and their feet shall be released from the clay.'"

"That would be a great comfort, said the king; 'it must be very fatiguing to be so heavily shod. Go, my child; the god, No-No, must never be disobeyed.'"

Having thus got the king's permission, Insla went into the back garden, where there was at that time an old balloon, (for we are not the new inventors we think for.) It had not been used for a long time, and was thrown aside as a piece of old-fashioned lumber. She summoned the slaves to arrange and inflate the balloon; and, in the meanwhile, she went into the treasury and selected jewels of extraordinary lustre. These she fastened to gold threads, so fine as to be invisible at a little distance; and having mounted the balloon, she suspended the threads at the sides of the aerial vehicle. The slaves cut the string, and Insla slowly ascended into the air, and sailed over the heads of the clamorous multitude. At the sight of the pendant jewels glittering in the sunlight, the crowd stood still; and even Merthyne suspended her rattle.

"Sons of men!" cried Insla, in a sonorous and majestic voice, "behold the proper objects of desire! Each of these jewels is more valuable than a kingdom! See! they hang but little above your heads; you have but to leap high enough to grasp them!"

The crowd turned their bewildered eyes to Merthyne; for so had that mischievous little baggage fascinated them, that they would not have stirred a step without her instigation. But Merthyne was herself dazzled, childlike, by the jewels; and, shaking her rattle, she tripped to the spot over which the balloon hovered, and began to jump as high as she could, in order to catch a superb emerald, that seemed just within her reach. Her example was instantly followed; the judges and the soothsayers, the old and the young, all began to jump, and with such heartiness and energy,

that, one after the other, they kicked off the clods of clay that had stuck to their feet, and they seemed in a fair way of catching the balloon and all its treasures, when Insula, seeing her object was effected, mounted gradually higher, and vanished from the disappointed eyes of the crowd.

It was then that a sudden splendour broke over the whole city, and the soothsayers fell flat on the ground, crying out, "the god No-No!" A mighty and gigantic shadow, like that of some colossus, grew into shape in the midst of the blaze of light, and a sweet, low voice thus spoke:—

"Well have ye performed your parts, daughters of Iao-pater; and immortal life have you obtained as your reward. For thee, and thine other progeny, oh, king! is reserved the destiny of translation to the skies. Human, as ye are, ye will be honoured as gods by many generations, and in the fairest lands. But the empire of Aza, Merthyne, and Insula, will be more permanent and more durable. Go forth, ye Blessed Three, over the whole world; not borne aloft to Olympus, but destined to hold your sway below, wherever the heart beats, and the mind aspires. Take with you the gift of eternal youth, and be known among mortals by names honoured in every tongue—CHARITY, HOPE, and FAITH."

Thus ends the apologue in the original Phœnician. I have no doubt that the story is perfectly true, having myself often listened to the rattle of Merthyne, and gazed on the balloon of Insula; as for Aza, or Charity, I confess I never had the pleasure of meeting her in polite society.

Popular Antiquities.

THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM, OXFORD.

Our readers will learn with pleasure that the interesting assortment of antiquities, coins, and curiosities, known as "the Ashmolean Museum," is now well arranged and exhibited. It contains as good specimens in every department of zoology, as any other museum in the kingdom. The collection is far inferior, in number of specimens, to those of the British Museum or Zoological Society, and probably of some others; but its two large rooms are nearly as full as they can conveniently hold, and exhibit, in the different classes, sufficient types of orders and genera for scientific lectures on zoology. A popular course on this science has been given, gratuitously, by the present curator, to the members and ladies of the University; and the citizens of Oxford have had the benefit, also, of some instruction on this attractive study in the Ashmolean Museum.

To each class of animals is attached a tablet, describing, 1. the organic character of the class: 2. the scientific arrangement of

the animals in that class; and, 3. the names of such authors as have written the most useful works on each branch of the science, many of which are in the library of the Museum. Thus, he who walks round the rooms may collect much information on zoology in a morning's view, and learn where to collect more.

We gather this welcome information from the *Magazine of Natural History*, (May,) of last year; wherein also is quoted from the catalogue of the Museum, the following short history of its origin.

It is well known that the first collection of the curiosities, natural and artificial, which now form but a small part of the contents of the Ashmolean Museum, was made by John Tradescant, by birth a Dutchman, who is supposed to have come to England about the end of Queen Elizabeth's or the beginning of James the First's reign.

He was a considerable time in the service of Lord Treasurer Salisbury and Lord Wootton. He travelled in various parts of Europe, as far as Russia; was in a fleet sent against the Algerines; and collected plants in Barbary and the isles of the Mediterranean. He had a garden at Lambeth; and, in the reign of Charles the First, in 1629, bore the title of the king's gardener. He was a man of extraordinary curiosity, and was the first who in this country made any considerable collection of the subjects of natural history. His son, of the same name, went to Virginia, and imported many new plants from thence. His museum, called Tradescant's Ark, attracted the curiosity of the age, and was much frequented by the great, by whose means it was also considerably enlarged, as appears by the list of his benefactors, printed at the end of his *Museum Tradescantianum*; amongst whom, after the names of the king and queen, are found those of many of the first nobility, the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, Archbishop Laud, the Earls of Salisbury and Carlisle.

In what year the elder Tradescant died is uncertain, though it appears most probably to have happened in 1638.

The son inherited his collection, and bequeathed it, by a deed of gift, to Elias Ashmole, who lodged in Tradescant's house. It afterwards becoming a part of the Ashmolean Museum, the name of Tradescant was sunk. John Tradescant, the son, died in 1662. His widow erected a monument to the family in Lambeth churchyard, which, having been much injured by time, was repaired by a public subscription in 1773. The quaint epitaph inscribed on it is as follows (the date is 1662):—

"Know, stranger, ere thou pass, beneath this stone
Lie John Tradescant, grandsire, father, son;
The last died in his spring; the other two
Liv'd till they had travell'd art and nature thro'.



(House of Tradescant and Ashmole, South Lambeth.)

As by their choice collections may appear,
Of what is rare in land, in sea, in air;
Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad in a nut)
A world of wonders in one closet shut:
These famous antiquarians that had been
Both gardeners to the rose and lily queen,
Transplanted now themselves, sleep here; and
when

Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,
And fire shall purge the world, these hence shall
rise,

And change their garden for a Paradise."

Ashmole, amongst his various pursuits, had at one time studied botany, which first, probably, led him to form an intimacy with the Tradescants, at whose house he is said to have lodged; and to this circumstance he was probably indebted for the gift of their collection.

He was the son of a saddler in Litchfield, and was born, as he states with his accustomed punctuality, at near half an hour after three o'clock in the morning, on the 23rd of May, 1617. He was successively a solicitor in chancery, an attorney in the Common Pleas, a gentleman in the ordnance, when Oxford was garrisoned by the royal army,* an exciseman, a comptroller of the ordnance, a freemason, astrologer, botanist, chemist, anatomist, physician, and, though last not least, a very learned herald.

Heraldry seems to have been his forte, and astrology his foible. It is difficult to reconcile the acquisition of so much dry business-like knowledge with the taste for so much visionary nonsense.

Ashmole enriched the Tradescant collection (which consisted chiefly of the skins and bones of animals) with a collection of medals, coins, and gold chains, which had been presented to him by the Elector of Brandenburg and others; and with manuscripts and printed books on heraldry and astrology; for he had

* At this time he also officiated as a clergyman, having, as he states, christened Mr. Fox's son.

purchased the library of Lilly, the celebrated astrologer.

The Museum has since been increased by Sir W. Dugdale's, Anthony Wood's, and the Aubrey manuscripts, which last have furnished much amusing matter for a publication which was printed some years ago by the Rev. J. Walker of New College. It has also been enlarged by Martin Lister's collections of shells and fossils, Lloyd's, Plot's, and Borlase's, and other objects of natural history, and by Mr. Rheinhold Forster's collection of the dresses and various instruments of the natives of the South Sea Islands, and those of the Esquimaux Indians, presented by Captains Lyon and Beechey, Sir Thomas Philips, and Lieutenant Harding.

It has been, from time to time, enriched by the valuable donations of many other benefactors, particularly by those of the Alfred gem, the large magnet, the very curious group of figures made with humming-birds' feathers, and, lately, by a great portion of the antiquities described in the *Nœnia Britannica*, presented by that liberal antiquarian Sir Richard Colt Hoare.†

In a pecuniary point of view, its most munificent benefactor was Dr. Rawlinson, who bequeathed a salary for the curator, under several exclusive conditions. For many years the Museum had been so much neglected, that it attracted but little curiosity; when, in the year 1824, it was fortunately entrusted to the care of Mr. J. S. Duncan,

† I must not omit to mention, with gratitude, the names of the late Bishop of Durham, the Hon. and Rev. C. Percival; R. Barclay, Esq., of Bury Hill; Sir John Franklin; Sir Edward Parry; W. Burchell, Esq.; Major Stacey of Calcutta; Dr. Such of London; Dr. Prattinton, Prof. and Mrs. Buckland; Rev. R. Walker of Magdalen College; J. Murray, Esq.; Miss Murray, Albemarle-street; Rev. Dr. Turner; late Bishop of Calcutta, as munificent contributors to the zoological department of this Museum.

since presented in the theatre with the honorary degree of D. C. L. He found that the skins of animals collected by the Tradescants had fallen into total decay; that cabinets for those objects which were liable to injury from time were wholly wanting; and that the apartment dedicated to the exhibition of them had become much dilapidated.

Happily, at this time, a taste for the study of natural history had been excited in the University by Dr. Paley's very interesting work on natural theology, and the very popular lectures of Dr. Kidd on comparative anatomy, and Dr. Buckland on geology.

Availing himself of this spirit, the curator induced the trustees to sanction a general repair of the Museum. Their wish was seconded by the liberality of the vice-chancellor and convocation.

When the room had been cleansed, repaired, and put in its present condition, the next step of my predecessor was to fit it up with cabinets, in which he might arrange in proper order what he found in a very disordered state in the Museum, and in which he might place those objects of natural history, antiquities, or curiosities, which he himself purchased, or which might be given by benefactors. The Museum now exhibits a well-arranged collection of many of the genera in every department of zoology, with some beautiful and rare species included in each genus.

This has not been done without considerable expense; but I am very sure he has never regretted that expense, when he considered that it might contribute to the instruction and amusement of the members of a university for which he has always felt the grateful affection and attachment of the most devoted of her sons.

The arrangement which he has made of the various specimens of natural history, according to the plan of Dr. Paley's *Natural Theology*, has given an exalted interest to the collection, such as no exhibition of the kind has hitherto displayed.

He thus very clearly explains the plan of his arrangement of the contents of the Museum:—

"The first division proposes to familiarize the eye to those relations of all natural objects which form the basis of argument in Dr. Paley's *Natural Theology*; to induce a mental habit of associating the view of natural phenomena with the conviction that they are the media of Divine manifestation; and, by such association, to give proper dignity to every branch of natural science.

"The second division exhibits relics of antiquity, arranged according to the order of time, with some specimens of curious art of uncivilized, as well as of refined, nations.

"In the exhibition of animals the order of Cuvier has been generally adopted. The name of every specimen is conspicuously

affixed; and hand-catalogues explain the general principle of the arrangement, and the contents of each cabinet to which they refer."

The Public Journals.

JOAN OF ARC.—THE VERSAILLES MUSEUM.

THE most original in design, and the best in execution of the sculptures in the Versailles Museum, is one, which, all things considered, does the Royal family most honour, and must give the greatest personal gratification to the founder of the museum—we mean the statue, as large as life, of Joan of Arc, by the Princess Mary—the King's second daughter—lately married to Prince Alexander of Württemberg. There is something so extraordinary in any woman, but particularly a young princess, working with tolerable success on such a material and on such a scale, that one would readily make allowances for many defects; but we saw little to require allowance; it seems to us the most beautiful modern statue that we have seen. Perhaps we might have wished that the countenance of Joan had been more animated; we expected a touch of a higher and wilder enthusiasm;—or, at least, something more of that inspired cast which Southey so beautifully gives her—

"———Wan the maiden was;
Of saintly paleness; and there seemed to dwell
In the strong beauties of her countenance
Something that was not earthly——"

But the artist herself—another inspired Maid of Orleans—thought otherwise, and she may be right. It suited her taste—influenced perhaps by feminine feeling as well as national partiality—to represent the heroine as a girl of gentle beauty—impelled (rather than excited) by a sober and thoughtful patriotism, and inspired less by an adventurous enthusiasm than by a calm and considerate sense of religious duty. This, which is at least an elegant conception and by no means inconsistent with historical accounts, is admirably expressed in the rather downward look of the beautiful but resolute countenance, and in the modest yet determined folding of the arms upon the cross of the blessed sword of St. Catherine. It must, however, be added, that there is not wanting some expression of more active courage: the lower portion of the figure is in the action of bold advance, and the way in which the point of one of the mailed feet oversteps or rather *cramps* itself to the pedestal, marks by a simple and natural circumstance the stifled energy of the character. Such is the design; and the beautiful finish of the execution is quite equal to the conception. It may be asked whether it can be all her own.*

* We have heard it confidently asserted that the Princess had only modelled the figure, and that the

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To which we answer, whose else can it be? where is the other hand in France which has produced anything like it, and now that the Princess has passed the Rhine, where is the hand in France that will attempt to rival it? If the Gallery of Versailles had cost Louis Philippe double what it has done, it would have been a cheap purchase for the pleasure which such a work must give to a father who has a heart.

This is perhaps the fittest place for bearing our testimony to the liberal and every way satisfactory manner in which the service of the exhibition is conducted. There are numerous attendants distinguished by a plain livery, who direct the visitors in the course laid down for the successive view of the various apartments. The crowds were at first so great, and are still—though awfully diminishing—so considerable, as to render it necessary to establish such an order of march; but the attendants make no difficulty in allowing any one, who has any particular object in doing so, to deviate occasionally from it, or to prolong or repeat at his pleasure his visit to any one apartment or object: and their intelligent and *entirely gratuitous* civility makes to an Englishman a contrast at once agreeable and painful with his recollections of what he has too often witnessed at home.* The whole palace has a furnished and comfortable appearance; the lamps are all in their proper places—a profusion of wax candles in all the chandeliers ready to be lighted—in cold weather good fires in every grate—and hot air introduced into the corridors and into those rooms (the great majority) where the paintings have masked the fire places. All through the apartments

statue was executed altogether by other hands. This would have added another, and a most grievous one, to the *deceptions* of the new Museum: but we are glad to be able to say, (from information on which we think we can rely,) that the Princess has done as all eminent sculptors do,—“*ni plus ni moins*”:—she, alone, modelled the figure, from which an inferior hand carried on the statue to a certain point, after which the finish was given by her own hand and chisel.

* We have no hesitation in saying that the crown of England possesses materials for an Historical Gallery which would be infinitely superior to that of Versailles—both in the authenticity of the portraits and the value of the pictures. Windsor itself, if it could be made as easy of access, would be, even in its present state, more really interesting; but much of its beauty and curiosity is in the private apartments,—particularly what is called the Corridor,—which, of course, cannot be generally opened. It was once proposed to George IV. (while Regent) to connect Carlton House with Marlborough House and St. James's Palace by a gallery of pictures of the sovereigns and other historic personages of England. The idea was excellent, and at first favourably received; but, unfortunately, Mr. Nash's speculation of burying Carlton House and gardens, and overlaying St. James's Park with his gawky terraces, prevailed, and the design of an historical gallery was abandoned. We should like to see it, or something of the kind—with the addition of a series of rooms exhibiting the succession of domestic arts and habits—revised at Kensington or Hampton Court.

there are handsome seats, by no means a superfluous convenience in a walk of—as the guide-book asserts—more than two leagues, and which, even in our judgment, may be, courts and all, a couple of English miles, and certainly can hardly be performed, even in the most hasty manner, under four or five hours.—*Quarterly Review*.

SHAKESPEARE AND OTHER ENGLISH DRAMATISTS COMPARED.

AFTER all, Shakspeare alone, of all dramatists, ancient or modern, English or foreign, has brought the whole world of man upon the scene with equal life and equal truth. From the king to the clown, each speaks his appropriate language, and delights or amuses: each keeps his proper rank and station. The grouping of Shakspeare alone is as masterly as his outline. Where his subordinate characters form an underplot, that plot, even if not connected with uniform felicity with the main interest of the piece, always bears upon it at last, and in itself has something to enliven or divert. Where these inferior personages are only incidentally introduced, to give reality to the scene, and to develop the actions or the feelings of the more prominent characters, each seems to have an intuitive perception of his position; each, however insignificant, is marked, and kindled to life, as it were, by some light but fine touch; his few words are so true to his character, or the circumstances in which he is placed, that we should regret his absence. How exquisite, for instance, in this point of view, and yet how completely subordinate and in keeping, is the dialogue of the doctor and the female attendant in the sleeping scene of *Macbeth*! In one respect Beaumont and Fletcher, perhaps, approach nearest to Shakspeare in this point, because their comic are at least equal, we are inclined to think superior, to their tragic powers. But in them, if there is life, there is often want of truth, and, from a worse cause, the deficiency in that high moral tone, that pure and intuitive feeling of right, which, notwithstanding the occasional vulgarities and indecencies, in general predominates throughout this school of writers. In most of the other dramatists the underplot, and the subordinate comic parts, are a mere appendage to the real play, and might be entirely discarded without making the story in the least less intelligible. In some of Massinger's pieces, for instance, it is by no means difficult to read the whole of the serious part, entirely omitting, and never missing, the low comic scenes, which seem to have been introduced, either merely to fill up the time while the main characters are resting from their exertions, or to gratify the coarse ears of the “groundlings.” Shakspeare might fairly complain of the liberty

taken by the clown to "speak more than was set down for him;" but in many of the other writers of his time the extemporaneous buffoonery of the actor might almost seem to have been "set down," after the performance of the piece, in the printed copy. In some of the later dramatists—Otway—and even Southerne—plays which, as they are now represented, seem to be composed with closer regard to unity of interest and simplicity of plot, were, as originally produced, overloaded with similar excrescences. But their still grosser indecencies absolutely enforced the suppression of those scenes, which had so little real connexion with the design of the play, that no one, on merely seeing it in the theatre, has any notion of their existence. Whoever will take the trouble to compare the acted "Venice Preserved" with the original in Otway's works, may see how much has been cut out, and how little lost.—*Quarterly Review*.

THE BATTLE OF LUTZEN.

THERE are some features of this great action which seem to us analogous to those of one of the most remarkable feats of arms of our own times, the battle of Salamanca. It may seem presumptuous in us to institute a comparison which has not been suggested by Colonel Mitchell, but we are pretty confident that this biographer, had he thought it worth while, might have made out a strong case of similarity, and that military readers will admit the comparison. The previous objects of the Swede and the Englishman were not indeed precisely similar. Gustavus was intent on joining the Saxon, Wellington on retiring into Portugal. Marmont, on the other hand, was pressing his opponent; Wallenstein, as it appears, had made up his mind to retire into winter quarters without an action. It was, however, equally the policy of Gustavus and Wellington to refrain from a general onset, unless on some such contingency as that which in the case of both gave them that decided advantage which fortune may present to all, but which great men alone know how to seize. Wallenstein's detachment of Pappenheim, as affording such occasion, may be compared with that extension of Marmont to his left, which enabled Wellington to turn on his former pursuers, and, in the emphatic phrase which we have heard attributed to him, to beat 40,000 French in forty minutes. The circumstances, however, of Salamanca were more striking, and the result more complete, than those of Lutzen. The operations of the Swede, rapid as they were, were spread over a larger surface of space and time. He read his letters and marched. Wellington saw, shut his telescope, and charged. An intervening night and day made Wallen-

stein aware of his danger, and enabled him to bring up Pappenheim's detachment to the conflict. Thomières was slain, and his division rolled up, before Marmont was well aware of his error. Both were certainly instances of that rapid *coup d'œil* which appears to be the distinguishing feature and the test of the highest order of military talent. It is true that such exploits require a high degree of perfection in the machine which is to execute them; but such perfection is in most cases the creation of the master-spirit who uses it, and this was especially true in both the instances in question.—*Quarterly Review*.

HOW THE SCHILDBURGERS BOUGHT A CAT AND WERE RUINED.

Now it happened that there were no cats in Schilda, and so many mice that nothing was safe, even in the bread-basket; for whatever they put there was sure to be gnawed or eaten; and this grieved them sorely. And upon a time there came a traveller into the village, carrying a cat in his arms, and he entered the hostel. The host asked him, "What sort of a beast is that?" Said he, "It is a mouser." Now the mice at Schilda were so quiet and so tame, that they never fled before the people, but ran about all day long without the slightest fear. So the traveller let the cat run, who, in the sight of the host, soon caught numbers of mice. Now when the people were told this by the host, they asked the man whether the mouser was to be sold, for they would pay him well for it. He said, "It certainly was not to be sold, but seeing that it would be so useful to them, he would let them have it, if they would pay him what was right;" and he asked a hundred florins for it. The boors were glad to find that he asked so little, and concluded a bargain with him, he agreeing to take half the money down, and to come again in six months to fetch the rest. As soon as the bargain was struck on both sides, they gave the traveller the half of his money, and carried the mouser into the granary where they kept their corn, for there were most mice there. The traveller went off with the money at full speed, for he feared greatly lest they should repent them of the bargain, and want their money back again; and as he went along he kept looking behind him, to see that no one was following him. Now the boors had forgotten to ask what the cat was to be fed upon; so they sent one after him in haste, to ask him the question. But when he with the gold saw that some one was following him, he hastened so much the more, so that the boor could by no means overtake him; whereupon he called out to him from afar off, "What does it eat? what does it eat?" "What you please, what you please," quoth

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the traveller. But the peasant understood him to say, "Men and beasts, men and beasts;" therefore he returned homeward in great affliction, and said as much to his worthy masters. On learning this they became greatly alarmed, and said, "When it has no more mice to eat, it will eat our cattle; and when they are gone it will eat us. To think that we should lay out our good money in buying such a thing!" And they held a council together, and resolved that the cat should be killed; but no one would venture to lay hold of it for that purpose. Whereupon it was determined to burn the granary and the cat in it, seeing that it was better they should suffer a common loss, than all lose life and limb. So they set fire to the granary. But when the cat smelt the fire, it sprang out of a window and fled to another house; and the granary was burned to the ground. Never was there sorrow greater than that of the Schildburghers, when they found that they could not kill the cat. They counselled with one another, and purchased the house to which the cat had fled, and burned that also. But the cat sprang out upon the roof and sat there, washing itself, and putting its paws behind its ears, after the manner of cats. And the Schildburghers understood thereby, that the cat lifted up its hands and swore an oath, that it would not leave their treatment of it unrevenged. Then one of them took a long pole and struck at the cat, but the cat caught hold of the pole and began to clamber down it; whereupon all the people grew greatly alarmed, and ran away, and left the fire to burn as it might. And because no one regarded the fire, nor sought to put it out, the whole village was burnt to a house; and notwithstanding that, the cat escaped. And the Schildburghers fled, with their wives and children, to a neighbouring forest. And at his time was burned their chancery and all the papers therein; which is the reason why their history is not to be found described in a more regular manner.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

New Books.

RETROSPECT OF WESTERN TRAVEL.

By Miss Martineau.

[OUR clever authoress has taken the American publisher's hint, though not literally, to "Trollopise" another work on her recent visit to the Western World; and has, accordingly, produced three volumes of *melée* and most entertaining character. They contain more of the lady's personal narrative, and of the lighter characteristics of manners, and incidents of travel, than it suited Miss Martineau's purpose to give in her other work—*Society in America*; and, it is gratifying to learn that the writer has little to tell "which

will not strengthen the feelings of respect and kindness with which the people of Great Britain are more and more learning to regard the inhabitants of the Western Republic." Our task of quotation will, therefore, be a pleasant one; commencing with a pretty sentimental incident or two.]

Setting Sail.

"Have you no misgivings?" asked an intimate, before whose imagination the Western World now rose tremendous in its magnitude. "Have you no misgivings now?" I had none, and it was well. If I had had such as would have made me draw back at the last moment, what a world of good should I have foregone! Not only what knowledge,—but what a store of imagery! What intense and varied enjoyment! and, above all, what friendships! When I now look back upon what I have gained, and at how small an expense of peril and inconvenience, I cannot but regard my setting foot on board ship as one of the most fortunate acts of my life.

When we arrived at the dock, we found there was really to be no further delay. The knots of friends, the crowds of gazers were gathering; the steamer was hissing and puffing in the river, and the song of the sailors was heard, as they were warping our ship out of the dock. In a few minutes, we and the other passengers were requested to step on board. I first carried my flowers down to my state-room, intending to hide them there till we should be out of sight of land, when an apparition of fresh flowers upon deck might be more than commonly welcome. I then took my station by a window of the round-house, whence I could see all that passed on shore, without being much seen. Thence I could observe my brother and sisters speaking to each other, and pointing out things which I could easily interpret. It occurred to me that I could send them one more token, by means of the little waves which rolled away from the sides of our ship, and washed the pier on which the crowd was standing. I threw out a rose at a moment when I caught a watchful eye; and I saw it borne, after many vagaries, directly under their feet. Suddenly I missed them from the spot where they were standing, and supposed that they were quite tired, (as they well might have been,) and had gone home. But it was not so. They had withdrawn only in order to secure front places at the extreme end of the pier, whence they might watch us yet longer than from their former station. There they stood, as long as we could distinguish any forms from among the crowd. Then three cheers were exchanged between the crew and the shore, and the passengers strained their eyes no more.

My flowers did not disappoint my expect-

tations. They were still quite fresh on the Wednesday, when, as we were out of sight of land, I carried them up to the deck, and gave each passenger one,—that being precisely my supply. I never saw flowers give so much pleasure before, except in cases of long confinement from illness. Truly they were very like a message from home.

Night at Sea.

I know no greater luxury than singing alone in the stern on fine nights, when there is no one within hearing but the helmsman, and sights of beauty meet the eye wherever it turns. Behind, the light from the binnacle alone gleams upon the deck; dim, shifting lights and shadows mark out the full sails against the sky, and stars look down between. The young moon drops silently into the sea afar. In our wake is a long train of pale fire, perpetually renewed as we hiss through the dark waves. On such a quiet night, how startling is a voice from the deck, or a shout of laughter from the cabin! More than once, when I heard the voices of children and the barking of a dog from the steerage, I wholly forgot for the moment that I was at sea, and looking up was struck breathless at the sight of the dim, grey, limitless expanse. Never, however, did I see the march of the night so beautiful over hill, dale, wood, or plain, as over the boundless sea, roofed with its complete arch. The inexpressible silence, the undimmed lustre, the steady visible motion of the sky, make the night what it can nowhere be on land, unless in the midst of the Great Desert, or on a high mountain-top.—It is not the clear still nights alone that are beautiful. Nothing can be more chilling to the imagination than the idea of fog: yet I have seen exquisite sights in a night-fog;—not in a pervading, durable mist; but in such a fog as is common at sea; thick and driving, with spaces through which the moon may shine down, making clusters of silvery islands on every side. This was an entirely new appearance to me; and the white Archipelago was a spectacle of great beauty. Then again, the action of the ship in a strong night-breeze is fine; cutting her steady way through the seething waters, and dashing them from her sides so uniformly and strongly, that for half a mile on either hand, the sea is as a white marble floor, gemmed with stars;—just like a child's idea of "the pavement of the heavenly courts." Such are the hours when all that one has ever known or thought that is beautiful comes back softly and mysteriously; snatches of old songs, all one's first loves in poetry and in the phantasmagoria of nature. No sleep is sweeter than that into which one sinks in such a mood, when one's spirit drops anchor amidst the turbulence of the outward world, and the very power of

the elements seems to shed stillness into the soul.

There must be many a set off against such hours, however, or the whole world would be rushing to sea. There would be parties to the Azores as there now are to Rome, and people would be doubling the Capes as they now cross the Simplon. There are disagreeable hours and days at sea;—whole days, when the ship rolls so as to stop employment in the cabin; and the rain poms down so as to prevent any weary passenger from putting out his head upon deck; when the captain is to be seen outside in his sea-coat, with the water streaming from nose, chin, hat, and every projection of his costume; when every one's limbs are aching with keeping himself from tumbling over his neighbour; when the tea and coffee are cold, and all that is liquid is spilt, and every thing solid thrown out of its place. The best thing to be done on such days is to sit in the round-house, each one well wedged in between two, the balustrade in front, and the wall behind; all as loquacious as possible, talking all manner of sense or nonsense that may occur; those who can joke, joking; those who can sing, singing; those who know any new games teaching them. This is better than the only other thing that can be done,—lying in one's heaving berth; better, not only because it is more sociable, but because there is a fairer chance of appetite and sleep after the exercise of laughing (be the laughter about anything or nothing) than after a day of uncomfortable listlessness.

A calm is a much less disagreeable affair—though it is not common to say so. A dead calm affords a fine opportunity to the gentlemen for writing and reading; and to the ladies for the repairs of the wardrobe. Sewing, which I think a pleasant employment every where else, is trying to the head at sea; and many omissions and commissions may be observed in the matter of costume, which the parties would be ashamed of on land. The difference after a calm is remarkable: the cap-borders are spruce; the bonnets wear a new air; the gloves are whole: the married gentlemen appear with complete sets of buttons, and rectified stocks. The worst quality of a calm is that it tries tempers a little too far. If there be an infirmity of temper, it is sure to come out then. At such a time, there is much playing of shuffle-board upon deck; and the matches do not always end harmoniously. "You touched mine with your foot."—"I did not, I declare."—"Now, don't say so, &c. &c."—"You are right."—"No, we are ten."—"I can show you you are only eight."—"Well, if you can't count any better than that,"—and so on. After three days of calm, there may be heard a subdued

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tone of scolding from the whilst party at the top of the table, and a stray oath from some check-mated person lower down: and while the ladies are brushing their hair in their cabin, certain items of information are apt to be given of how Mr. A. looked when the lady's partner turned up trumps, and how shockingly Mr. B. pushed past Mr. C. in going up the cabin to dinner. The first breath of favourable wind, however, usually blows all these offences away, and tempers turn into their right course with the ship.

ANGLO-INDIA.

Sir James Mackintosh.

(Concluded from page 96.)

MACKINTOSH'S lectures at Lincoln's-Inn Hall were well attended. Canning never missed one of them. Romilly, Scarlett, Fonblanque, Richard Sharpe, Butler, were attentive listeners. Old Hargrave admired them, though fast asleep during the greater part of them. It is remarkable, that he made profuse acknowledgments to a voluminous work, then little read, and reposing undisturbed on the shelves of the booksellers, the *Light of Nature*,* by Search, a fictitious name assumed by Tucker. Of this book, the leading characteristic is its perpetual play of illustration from all subjects, high or low; the drawing-room and the kitchen, the parlour and the stable. The book rose instantly in price, and in a short time disappeared. But two or three of the most eloquent and impressive discourses were aimed at the refutation of Godwin's *Political Justice*,—a work abounding in moral paradoxes of the most revolting kind. I shall never forget the effect produced on his auditors, in spite of the most inharmonious of all accents and the most ungraceful of all manners, when he animadverted on that part of Godwin's book, which decried the moral beauty and obligation of gratitude. In fact, Godwin had the merit, or the demerit, of founding the modern school of Utilitarianism;—and Mackintosh's reasoning might be applied as an unanswerable confutation of the Jeremy Benthamism of the present day. At this lecture, Godwin himself was present, and stood the fire with most unflinching fortitude.

During Sir James Mackintosh's Recorder-ship, a singular incident occurred. Two Dutchmen having sued for debt two British officers, Lieutenants Macguire and Cauty, these officers resolved to waylay and assault them. This was rather a resolve made in a drunken excitement, than a deliberate purpose. Fortunately, the Dutchmen pursued a different route from that which they had intended, and they prosecuted the two officers

for the offence of laying in wait with intent to murder. They were found guilty, and brought up for judgment. Previous to his pronouncing judgment, however, Sir James received an intimation that the prisoners had conceived the project of shooting him as he sat on the bench, and that one of them had for that purpose a loaded pistol in his writing-desk. It is remarkable, that the intimation did not induce him to take some precautions to prevent its execution,—at any rate, not to expose himself needlessly to assassination. On the contrary, the circumstance only suggested the following remarks: "I have been credibly informed, that you entertained the desperate project of destroying your own lives at that bar, after having previously destroyed the judge who now addresses you. If that murderous project had been executed, I should have been the first British judge who ever stained with his blood the seat of justice. But I can never die better than in the discharge of my duty." All this eloquence might have been spared. Macguire submitted to the judge's inspection of his writing-desk, and showed him that, though it contained two pistols, neither of them was charged. It is supposed to have been a hoax,—a highly mischievous one, indeed;—but the statement was *prima facie* so improbable, that it was absurd to give it the slightest credence.

It is well known, that Sir James Mackintosh had contemplated a history of England, beginning with the Revolution of 1688, down to the first events of the Revolution in France. Such a work, conceived by a philosophical mind, and executed after much patient research by so complete a master of rhetoric, would have been an invaluable accession to that department of our literature. He had made considerable preparations for the task, having consulted many rare books, and the correspondence in particular of the English and French courts, deposited in the King's library at Paris. From these manuscripts, though Fox had beaten the ground before him, he would undoubtedly have extracted more ample illustration of the intrigues (nicknamed policy,) that preceded and followed the memorable event, than Dalrymple and Macpherson appear to have done with equal opportunities. But he listened to the syren-song of indolence; that master-vice of great minds overpowered his resolves, and though a vast affluence of materials surrounded him, and the most splendid remuneration was proposed to him by the Longmans, the diligent prosecution of it was deferred,*—and he

* He executed, it is true, some portion of it, but not for the public eye. It began with James the Second, but broke off at the transfer of the Crown to the Prince of Orange. This has been published, with a continuation, resembling Sir James Mackintosh in manner and spirit, as such as Frischhemius did Livy or Tacitus, whose last books he attempted to supply.

* Published in 1766, in six volumes. It was republished in 1808, by the late Sir Harry Mildmay, the author's brother-in-law.

accepted the Recordship of Bombay. In the latter period of his life, indeed, he supplied Dr. Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia* with three volumes of a History of England, of which the first only seems to have received the deliberate touches of his hand. But that volume alone is by far the best commentary extant on the early constitution of England. As the work advances, it betrays instances of haste and inadvertence, which would probably have been avoided, had he written for fame rather than the exigency of the moment. If to what Sir James Mackintosh *did*, could be added what he *might have done*, he would deserve to be placed amongst the greatest men, who have done honour to polite letters. He was too fine and ethereal a substance to work up into a lawyer,—certainly a working lawyer. It was quite amusing to see him conducting a *nisi-prisus* cause, and addressing a common jury, on the Norfolk circuit. There was so innate a habit of generalization in his mode of considering every question propounded to him, that he sometimes overlooked the details themselves from which that generalization was deduced. He fired, therefore, over the heads of a jury, consisting chiefly of farmers, who, taking no cognizance of elevated and polished diction, were often at a loss to comprehend what he was talking about.

[We need scarcely add, that these volumes contain an almost exhaustless fund of entertaining anecdote alternating with graver records of human character; wherefore, we cordially commend them to our readers.]

The Gatherer.

American Climate.—Miss Martineau to give her reader an idea of the climate at Washington, says:—"The weather was sometimes so cold that the only way I could get any comfort was by stretching on the sofa drawn before the fire, up to the very fender, (on which days every person who went in and out of the house was sure to leave the front door wide open); then the next morning, perhaps, if we went out muffled in furs, we had to turn back and exchange our wraps for a light shawl."

In Westminster Hall, when nothing need be said, or nothing can be said, the English lawyer wisely holds his tongue.

Samarcand.—Burnes and Meyendorff have satisfied our curiosity with regard to Bokhara; what we still want, and which no one has afforded us since the days of Timur Khan, is an account of Samarcand, to the eastward of Balkh—that city of 150,000 inhabitants, and that extensive plain on which it stands, studded with dwellings in the midst of gardens and groves, where Clavijo, the envoy of Henry III. of Castile to Tamerlane in 1403,

two years before the death of the Timur Khan, was present at a splendid fête, on which occasion, says the ambassador, his nine queens caroused wine out of golden goblets till they all got royally drunk. Of the present state of that once-embellished place, and of what still may remain of that renowned city, we should like very much to see a true and lively description.—*Quarterly Review*.

St. Paul's Church, &c.—At length, the national disgrace of making this noble national cathedral a penny show, is removed. It will henceforward be gratuitously open to the people for several hours daily, (from 9 to 11, and from 3 to 4 o'clock,) and, as the Tower is also to be seen at the cost of 1s. instead of the impost of 3s., we may fairly congratulate the public on the prospect that no other public place can be much longer shut in its face. Under present and necessary restrictions, against which there cannot be a murmur, it is gratifying to find this reproach passing away.

Parliamentary Privileges.—Mr. Edward Floyd, in 1621, was punished by the House of Commons for scoffing at the Speaker and Electress Palatine; it being adjudged that, they being the son-in-law and daughter of the king, the head of the parliament, any reflections upon them were a breach of the undoubted privileges of the House. The sentence is thus reported:—"1. Not to bear arms as a gentleman, nor be a competent witness in any court of justice. 2. To stand with his face to the horse's tail, to stand at the pillory, and his ears nailed, &c. 3. To be whipped at the cart's tail. 4. To be fined in 5,000*l*. 5. To be perpetually imprisoned in Newgate. It was put to the question first, whether Floyd should be whipped or not; which some lords doubted to yield to, because he was a gentleman;—yet it was agreed, *per plures*, that he shall be whipped. Then it was put to the question, whether Floyd's ears shall be nailed to the pillory, or not, and agreed, *per plures*, not to be nailed." Even members were occasionally exposed to a somewhat distressing exercise of authority:—"In 1626, Mr. Moor was sent to the Tower for speaking out of season. Sir William Widdrington and Sir Herbert Price sent to the Tower for bringing in candles against the desire of the House."—*Dwarris on Statutes*, p. 83. If ancient precedents are to be revived and acted upon, a good many modern orators might speedily find themselves in the same predicament as Mr. Moor.—*Quarterly Review*.

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